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SIMON SAYS WIGGLE WAGGLE!





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THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions.

MR. KEELY announces that his motor is finished, and that he will exhibit it sometime in April to the directors. April is a most suitable month, and the 1st its most appropriate day.

“WHOOP! the day is coming. I may also remark that I am devilish sly.”—*S. J. T.*

A DISTINGUISHED young scientist of Philadelphia conducted some interesting experiments in aeronautics, the other day, which, although somewhat unsatisfactory, were after a method which deserves notice. He secured two goose wings during the cook's absence from the kitchen, and secured them with beeswax to his little sister's arms, and then fastened an open umbrella to her neck, and invited her to leap from the second story window and fly like a bird. She leaped; but the only flying done was that performed by the servant in going for the doctor, and by the boy himself when his father came home with a cane. It was in vain that the young inventor pleaded the fact that his broken-legged sister did not flop her wings enough, and that the family umbrella was just one size too small; there was a scene of unparalleled activity between father and son for ten minutes. With a whirlwind of rattan and howls the subject of aeronautics was dismissed from that boy's mind forever; and it is more than probable that the world has lost a promising young scientist forever.

HERR MOST desires the Socialists to “press on with the black flag of famine.” Exactly. Let the famine stride forward, and let Herr Most be the first to enjoy it. Messrs. Most and Rossa resemble the brigadier-general whose boast it was to have been, in some battles, where the bullets were thickest. Investigation showed that he had barricaded himself behind the ammunition wagon.

“I AM glad to see it stated that Barnum's white elephant is not white. It naturally gratifies me to know that I am unique of my kind.”—*Carlisle.*

MR. HENRY WARD BEECHER says that he has only read one of his sister's books—“Uncle Tom's Cabin.” Mr. Beecher is a great man, but we are all of us the same, after all.

AS the Greely Relief Expedition is almost ready to go, it is now about time for Congress to pass an appropriation for the expedition which will have to go next year and look up the relievers? These things should be attended to in time.

“WHO will vote for Logan now?”—*Old quotation revised.*

“PARSON NEWMAN is a sort of ecclesiastical mugwump.”—*N. Y. Sun.*

Here our esteemed contemporary has a chance at definitions seldom accorded. We do not desire to fight Mr. Newman's battles, but insist upon knowing what a mugwump is. But perhaps it signifies a party that ought to go, but won't. Ha!

IT is a touching instance of human gratitude that of the thirty-three physicians and forty-two nurses who died of yellow fever in Memphis, while battling the epidemic of 1878, not one has yet been honored with a headstone to his grave.

BENEVOLENT associations are proverbially far-sighted. They are too apt to devote their energies to the alleviation of distress in foreign lands, while they entirely overlook abuses that lie nearer home. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for instance, exerts itself to stop dog-fights in distant Williamburgh, when every day scores of innocent flies—unnoticed and uncared for—drown in the very presence of its officers. Something should be done to prevent this ruthless waste of life. Flies cannot be taught to swim and when they fall overboard, invariably lose their presence of mind and forget to “tread water” or turn on their backs and float. Mr. Bergh should immediately start a fund for the purpose of providing cork jackets for flies. A statute ought to be pushed through the Legislature compelling housekeepers to place a certain number of jackets on the rim of every milk pitcher and cream jug, where they would be easily accessible. A card of instructions, telling how to adjust these life-preservers should be posted on the butter dish and milk pitcher, and Mr. Bergh should see that all slippery bald heads are properly sanded, to keep the poor things from breaking their legs.

HAVE things come to such a pass that we cannot go to the opera and talk as loudly as we please in our own boxes? If the benighted rabble who occupy the rest of the theatre prefer other voices to ours it is time they were taught better. Annoy them, indeed! Who owns this world anyway?



A SURPRISE.

(Van Trupper, who is taken to Cadmium's studio by his wife and sister as they have a little surprise for him. Mrs. Van Trupper having had her portrait painted on the sly.)

EXCELLENT, MR. CADMIUM, EXCELLENT! IT ISN'T SO EFFECTIVE A PAINTING AS I LIKE MYSELF, BUT I KNOW IT MUST BE A GOOD LIKENESS. WHO IS IT?

(Cadmium mutters something.)

A FAIR GRIEVANCE.

SHE was waltzing with me,
 Yet she smiled o'er my shoulder
 At Billie McGee.
 She was waltzing with me,
 Yet the gossips agree
 Ne'er was "yes" given bolder
 Than while waltzing with me
 She gave him o'er my shoulder!
 ELEANOR PUTNAM.

AN UNSATISFACTORY INTERVIEW.

A BENEVOLENT old lady met a scrubby-looking little colored girl on Sixth Avenue, the other day, and stopped to say a kind word to her.

"What's your name, little girl?" asked the old lady.

"Dat ain't none o' yo' bithness," replied the brunette.

"Oh, that isn't at all polite," said the old lady, looking reprovingly over her spectacles. "Perhaps I will give you something if you tell me. What is it, now? Is it Jane or Maria?"

"No 't ain't. It's jeth plain Lillie Langtry Smiff. Whatcher goin' ter gimme?"

"Oh, I'll see," said the old lady evasively. "Have you any sisters, Lillie?"

"Yeth 'm. Got two; bofe bigger 'n me."

"Do you ever say your prayers?" pursued the old lady.

"No 'm. Do n't never thay no pra'rs."

"Dear me!" ejaculated the old lady in a shocked tone. "When you go to bed at night, do n't you pray to be taken care of until morning? Are n't you afraid something will happen to you, if you do n't?"

"No; wot's de use. I ain't 'fraid o' nuffin. I thleep in de middle, I do. Where's whatcher goin' ter gimme?"

But the old lady had sorrowfully continued on her way, and was intently calculating the number of pounds of veal it would take to make chicken salad for the Sunday-school Sociable.



THE WHITE ELEPHANT AND DYNAMITE IN FICTION.

ONE humbug leads to another as naturally as weddings follow each other in June. The sign of the zodiac this month is the White Elephant. Mr. Forepaugh's sand-papered animal has already been microscopically inspected by the press; Mr. Barnum's pie-bald, and more or less sacred quadruped, has just been given an enthusiastic welcome; and Mr. Charles Reade's old story, "Jack-of-all-Trades," has been Barnumized, and is sold on the streets as "The White

Elephant." It is a good thing to have such a fine, workman-like and honest specimen of story-writing brought afresh to the public attention, even under a new name suggested by the sensation of the hour. In these days of literary embroidery and tailoring it is a pleasure to read a tale which is told so graphically, so humanly, so naturally. This plain, rough-speaking elephant-keeper has looked at life closely, has jostled over its rough ways, and tells us of its ups and downs, with no excess of sentiment, but so truly as to appeal to the heart and lead us to acknowledge him a brotherman, though a vagabond showman.

OUR admiration for this story-writer of the older school is not lessened by his latest effort, "The Picture." Mr. Reade has been accused of borrowing the idea and form of this tale, but, whatever its source, it is admirable. The ingenious construction, the air of romance, the tragedy of it all—these are the characteristics which one appreciates most, because so seldom met with in our latter-day fiction.

O'DONOVAN ROSSA'S dynamite novel of the Ireland of to-day resembles his infernal machines; it was probably constructed to do some injury and to make a sensation, but the clock-work missed fire. "Edward O'Donnell" is such stupid trash that it will neither excite sympathy with the oppressed, or indignation at the oppressors. The morality of the book is damnable. If any one should read it through, he would find that it aimed to make an agrarian murder justifiable, and a dynamite campaign a respectable necessity.

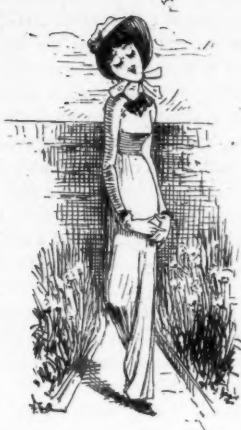
DROCH.

THE formal announcement, on March 24th, that a company, with Mr. Parke Godwin at its head, had taken control of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, gave pleasure to all admirers of clean, honest and intelligent journalism; for the long and honorable career of Mr. Godwin is a guarantee that henceforth the *Commercial* will exemplify those characteristics in its columns. The gentlemen who are associated with him in the enterprise will coöperate in making the journal one of authority and wide influence in literature, politics and art.

There is not a particle of doubt of its becoming, and becoming at once, "a thoroughly good newspaper which, by its enterprise, ability, vigilance, cleanliness and its self-respect, as well as its respect for others, shall prove itself worthy of the confidence and esteem of all good citizens."

This is direful news to many of its former readers, but if they do n't like it, they can—make other arrangements.

HENRY HOLT & CO. have just issued a unique volume of the life and poems of Theodore Winthrop, edited by his sister, which will be found interesting, and will freshen our memories of that wandering and seemingly aimless traveler, who laid down his life for his country in the warm air of that summer of 1861.



NAPHTHA.

THE STORY OF NAPHTHA :

A TALE OF CULTURE, FASHION AND DUPLICITY.

BY ELIZABETH HODGSON PHELPS AND FRANCES STUART BURNETT.

I.

NAPHTHA is in her garden ; the hour is five o'clock in the morning. A clinging robe of white dimity drapes her slender figure, and a light that never shone on land or sea illumined her pale, pure face. She is treating her flower-bed to a fresh coat of paint, and repeating from memory, backwards, the first page of Plato's "Republic." This dual occupation gives the key to our heroine's perfect life ; Art and Philosophy together form the guiding-star of her existence and its aspirations. She lives on symphonies, and grapples daily with the Not-to-Be.

But why comes she forth at this weird and dawn-wooing hour ? For two reasons, each of which would alone be sufficient. In the first place, this is the only time in all the day that she can call her own. Dependent on the cold charity of a flinty-hearted aunt, who is herself dependent on the capricious and uncertain summer boarder, the life of poor Naphtha is far from being a happy one. Washing and cooking for twenty-five roomers, to say nothing of her efforts toward satisfying a dozen or so odd mealers besides, leaves her but scant opportunity for the prosecution of that self-culture without which existence is but an empty desolation.

A young painter who was numbered among the boarders gave her the necessary instruction in the "use of oil," and toward the end of the season she was far enough advanced to enter with him upon a great co-operative work ; they combined to high-art the entire premises. In one day they did the whole house and three sides of the barn. This last, however, they never finished ; a thunder-storm came along that night, and the lightning completed the work of demoralization.

On beholding the ruin next morning, Philip (Philip was his name) fled away in a mad despair. Naphtha had never beheld him since that fatal hour, and had long mourned him as dead.

"I'll run up and see him, though, as soon as I can get a chance," she murmurs, tremulously, to herself, and a single pearly tear falls with a light splash into her bucket of burnt sienna.

"See who ?" asks a mellow, musical, manly voice. And a

lithe and graceful figure comes bounding over the garden wall and alights fair and square in the middle of the flower-bed.

Naphtha utters a scream—a wild, piercing scream of intense, rapturous, soul-thrilling joy.

"T is Philip, P-h-i-l-i-p !" are the words that cleave the blue vault of heaven.

The veil I draw here is all wool and several yards wide.

As I lift it again, we hear the voice of Naphtha.

"Do you know what you said just as you came flying over ?" she asks him, fondly. "You said 'who' instead of 'whom.' Dear boy, how your neglectation has been educated."

But Philip is not thinking of grammar ; he is thinking of his new seven-dollar trousers. And Naphtha divines his thought.

"Your—ah—um, you know," she says. "If you—ah—that is, do n't you know ?"

"What is it, my love ?" he asks, with a lover's ardor.

"Your—your—p—pants," she stammers, blushing ; "if I am not too bold, I—I have something that will remove the stain."

"Too bold !" he echoes in fervent protestation, as he rolls up his eye-balls in ineffable adoration. "Too bold ! Angel of purity !"

Then he brings them down again.

"I accept your offer," he says, gratefully. "To tell the truth, I would n't like to have benzine like this ; nor do I quite see my way to another pair just now."

A pained look came over Naphtha's face, and she led him to her studio without another word.

She did not chide him ; we can forgive much in those we love.



"YOUR—AH—UM, YOU KNOW," SHE SAYS.

II.

NEXT day's mail brought Naphtha a letter from another aunt of hers in Washington. It was an invitation for our heroine to spend the winter in the nation's capital.

(One word of protest right here against the course which my associate has seen fit to adopt in the opening chapter. After having herself introduced the heroine, common courtesy should have prompted her to leave to me the privilege of presenting the hero. The way in which I should have done this will presently appear ; the reader shall choose between us.)

A month or two later Naphtha was fully established in her aunt's palatial residence in Washington, and swimming for dear life in the mad whirlpool of society. She made her *debut* at the White House, under the chaperonage of her aunt, at a ball given especially in her honor. Indeed it was owing altogether to this admirable woman that Naphtha scored such a triumph as she did. For about fifteen minutes before their departure for the Executive Mansion Naphtha presented herself to her aunt in the

drawing-room for inspection. Her aunt glanced at her, gave one gasp, and sank back speechless on the sofa.

Naphtha took a timid look at herself in the long mirror.

"I am afraid I am not just like other women," she said, turning with a dubious smile to her aunt.

Her aunt looked at her again, her slim and bony frame, her awkward pose, her antique coiffure, her velvet-trimmed gown of white piqué.

"I should say not," she observed.

She took Naphtha by the hand and ascended with her to her own dressing-room. She took from out her closet a robe of priceless point lace, she then collected together from various quarters a pair of —, a dozen or so of —, a bottle of —, a full and complete set of —, and a large, extra-sized —. Then without a word she returned down stairs and awaited developments.

Some minutes later the developments developed. There was a gliding and a rustling down the long staircase, the sound of a dainty foot-fall on the threshold and Naphtha appeared.

The transformation was complete, Naphtha was a woman after all, and her woman's intuitions had plucked out the heart of all those mysteries.

"Naphtha, my child, you are divine!" cried her aunt in rapture. "You are magnifique! You are utterly *O-que!*"

And this devoted woman then and there stripped herself of her whole array of glittering gems to shower them on her blushing protégée.

"Woman can sympathize with woman."

"Aunt Lydia," cried Naphtha, bursting into tears, "you are too good—too kind. How shall I ever thank you?"

"Dry your tears, foolish child. By recommending me to all your friends."

The point lace and diamonds acted on Naphtha like magic—like brandy—like an electric shock. For the first time in her life she experienced the bliss of good clothes—the rapture of acknowledged belleshism. The essential non-Is-ness of her get-up soon ceased to incommode her. Her grace, beauty, *chic*, and *esprit* carried all before her; she danced every dance and was taken in to supper six times. The embassies and legations capitulated at the outset. She went through the first quadrille with the Minister from Kamtschatka (who, curiously enough, was not married to his wife), and, later on, tripped a measure with a young attaché from Bohemia (whose own country had become too hot to hold him). With the latter, she had quite a little chat. Having not yet altogether got over her New England peculiarity of thinking, she entered upon a scheme for the reformation of Washington. Her idea was to banish all the corrupt natives and fill their places with immaculate foreigners. At this juncture the young Bohemian suddenly asked her how she liked the city.

"I hardly know what to say," she replied. "I have n't traveled enough to be able to make comparisons. Except Washington, I have never visited any place but heaven."

"Well, how does Washington compare with heaven?"

"It is quite different," answered Naphtha briefly.

It was with this same young Bohemian that Naphtha danced the final quadrille—the lancers. During the last grand right-and-left, when the whole vast apartment was one immense kaleidoscope of light, motion and color, when Naphtha was tripping blithely and brilliantly through her own particular set with shining eyes and smiling lips and many a coquettish glance and nod—something happened. There was a sound of crashing timbers, the ceiling over her head suddenly gave way, the floor beneath her feet swayed and trembled, and three hundred pounds of manly beauty, clad in the full uniform of a major of the U. S. A., stood within their gay and joyous circle. It was Philip.

(There, Lizzie! How do you think you feel now?)

Naphtha gave a little cry of astonishment and delight. Philip gazed at her with a silent and sorrowful reproach.

He conducted her to the conservatory. It was here that her amazement first found words.

"Philip," she cried, "what does all this mean? Why are you, an artist, arrayed in such toggerly as this? And where, oh where, have you gained these hundred and fifty pounds?"

"I am an artist (an amateur), it is true," he responded gravely, "but I am a soldier as well." His modesty would not allow him to tell her how he had reached his present proud position; he had cleaned out, with his own strong right hand, the Indians (cigar-store Indians) that once infested Pennsylvania Avenue. "And as a soldier, a Washington soldier, the accumulation of avoirdupois has been, of course, my chief occupation. I have answered your questions; now you may answer mine. How does it happen that I find the child of my oldest friend, the



* * * * * IT WAS PHILIP!

A PRE-RAFFLE-ITE: One who lived in the days of the Havana lottery.

ONE society lady to another.—“They tell me that the reason Fitz Nubbs is n't more liberal, is because he puts his money all in bank.”

Second lady.—So my husband says. He calls it the Faro Bank.”

TRAVELLING *in cog*.—The wheels of a clock.

THE equipotence of planets is due to the voices of great men. God has given me a voice.—Joseph Cook.

“Yes,” sighed old Mrs. Gumbo, “that accident was horrible. When I read about it, it exaggerated me so that I could n't decompose myself for several hours.”



Old Gentleman (*excitedly*): DID N'T YOU KNOW THAT WAS A FIFTY CENT PIECE I GAVE YOU, THAT YOU PUT IN THE BOX?
His Vis-à-vis (*calmly*): OH, YAS! BUT SUCH A BORE TO MAKE CHANGE.

daughter of eight generations of Puritan ministers, a leading figure in this great sink of iniquitous frivolity?”

Naphtha burst into tears, covering her wan and haggard face with her thin and trembling little hand.

“Philip,” she sobbed, “do not chide me. And do not for a moment imagine that I am happy. No; I am thoroughly, wretchedly miserable. I am fast becoming a t. r.,—a total wreck. Philosophy has altogether undermined my constitution. I am nothing but a skeleton. Only look at this!”

She held up her poor little hand; it was perfectly transparent.

The bangle on her wrist began to softly chime and tinkle; it was playing “O ye tears!”

She laid aside her fan, picked up the train of her gown, and executed a neat spasm for him then and there.

The strong man sobbed responsively, and trundled her off home at once.

(*To be concluded.*)

“WHAT kind of a looking man was it, that called Jones a liar?” asked Mrs. Bangle of her husband.

“Oh! He was short and stout, with blue eyes, light hair and a *nez repoussé*—”

“*Nez retroussé*, my dear,” corrected Mrs. B. “*Re-poussé* means hammered or pounded.”

“Thank you, love,” rejoined Bangle. “Then that is just the word to describe it when Jones got done with him.”

WHY is a U. S. Treasury note like a caterpillar? Because it is hard to counterfeit. (Count-her-feet.)

Ad captandum vulgus—an “ad” catches the rabble.

WOMEN ornament their dresses behind because they like to have nice things said about them when their backs are turned.

MIDSUMMER MADNESS.

A MEMORY OF LONG BRANCH.

DID I hold her fairy hands, and look into her eyes,
Fleck'd with brown, and with gold, and of wonderful size—
She would open them wide with most ardent surprise,
And with languishing looks, and ineffable sighs,
With red lips apart, and in tones of soft sadness,
Say sweetly, “Dear Tom, this is midsummer madness.”

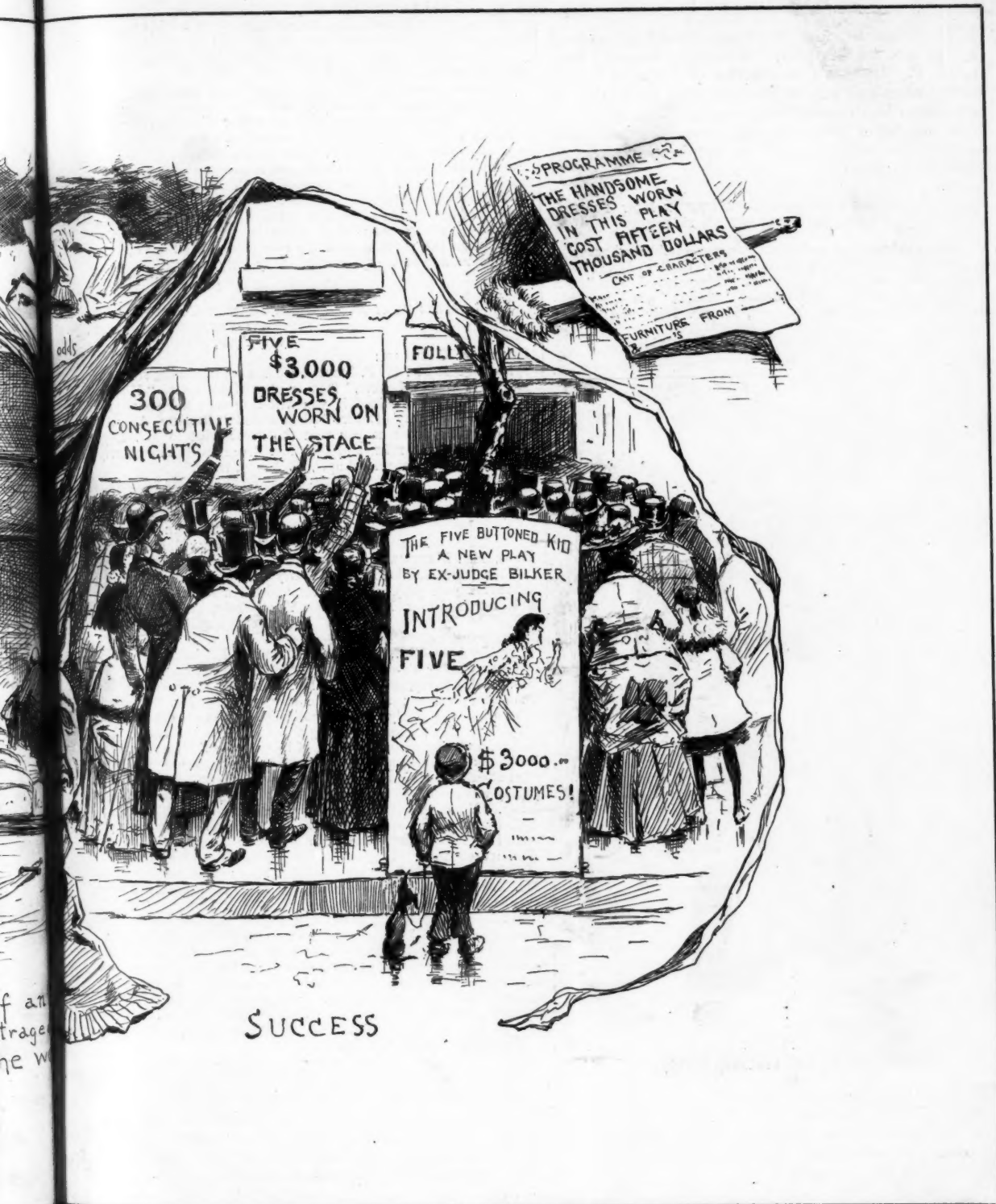
Did I sit at her feet, in the wan evening light,
When the sea-gods came trolling their vespers at night;
When her voice it grew tender—her eyelids drooped low,
And her cheek took a roseate, beautiful glow,—
She would look down on me, with infinite sadness—
And whisper, “Ah! this is but midsummer madness.”

The wind it blew hot, and the wind it blew cold—
And the depth of my love was but half untold,
Though I clothed it in phrases far richer than gold,
In words that were tender, and words that were bold—
When she rose from my side, as proud as you please,
And drew on her gloves, with nonchalant ease—
Then turning to me, with farewells of the saddest—
Said, “Of midsummer madness, Tom, yours is the maddest.”

A. B.



Kemble.



STOP THIEF!

THAT Mr. Brander Matthews should be accused of stealing his play, "Margery's Lovers," from Mr. H. P. Stephens's manuscript of "Hearts" is so amusing when one gets at the facts that the readers of LIFE should know something about it.

The following despatch, with accompanying letters and extracts, evidently place Mr. Stephens in rather an awkward position:

ASSOCIATED PRESS DESPATCH, PRINTED IN NEW YORK
PAPERS OF FEBRUARY 26, 1884.

London, February 25th.—Letters have been published accusing Mr. Brander Matthews of gross literary theft. Mr. Henry Stephens, the playwright, says that "Margery's Lovers" is a copy of his manuscript of the drama "Hearts," which was submitted to the American managers, Messrs. Daly and Arthur Wallack.



A LESSON IN GRAMMAR.

Sylvie: OH! ISN'T HE LOVELY?

Paul: WHERE DID HE COME FROM?

Sylvie: PAPA BRUNG HIM HOME THIS AFTERNOON.

Paul: YOU SHOULD N'T SAY "BRUNG," SYLVIE, YOU SHOULD SAY "BRANG."

LETTER FROM MR. AUGUSTIN DALY.
DALY'S THEATRE. UNDER THE MANAGEMENT
OF AUGUSTIN DALY. MANAGER'S OFFICE.

New York, February 21, 1884.

MY DEAR MR. MATTHEWS:

It must certainly be four years since I read your piece called "Breakers Ahead," which you have since named "Margery's Lovers." It is scarcely two years since Mr. Stephens (one of the "Billee Taylor" authors), who was then on a visit to New York, sent me a play of his to read. My present recollection is that I examined this piece immediately, and returned it with my answer within thirty-six hours after its receipt. This is all I have to say to-day on the subject of the cable despatch, in which it would seem that Mr. Stephens seeks to connect his charge of plagiarism against you with a manuscript which he sent me. At another time, when the particulars of the charge are fully known, I may have something further to recall. Very truly yours,

AUGUSTIN DALY.

LETTERS FROM AND TO MR. CHARLES COGHLAN.
121 EAST EIGHTEENTH STREET,
New York, March 5, 1884.

DEAR MR. COGHLAN:

I learn that Mr. H. P. Stevens accuses me of having stolen my play, "Margery's Lovers," from a play of his called "Hearts." I shall be much obliged if you will drop me a line stating that you read "Margery's Lovers" (then called "Breakers Ahead") in June, 1881, and that you sent the manuscript to Mr. Edgar Bruce, in August, 1881, and that Mr. Bruce lost the manuscript, which has never yet turned up.

Yours, truly,

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

P. S.—I shall take it as a favor if you will give me an immediate reply.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE,
New York, March 6, 1884.

DEAR MR. MATTHEWS:

Your statement is correct. Early in the Autumn of 1881 I submitted your play to Mr. Bruce, and the manuscript has never been returned to me.

Yours, truly,

CHARLES F. COGHLAN.

MOY THOMAS, Esq., *Daily News*, London, England.

DEAR SIR*** To-day I have received the paper containing Mr. Stephens's correspondence with Mr. Cecil, Mr. Clayton, and Mr. B. C. Stephenson; and I write now to deny Mr. Stephens's accusation absolutely and emphatically. I have never seen Mr. Stephens's play; I know nothing about it; I never heard of it before, and I was quite unaware of its existence. If a denial can be framed more sweeping than this, I am ready to subscribe to it. ***I should like to know when this play was written? If his play in any way resembles mine, I should like him to explain the similarity. He declares that there is only one MS. of "Hearts;" unfortunately there are several MSS. of "Margery's Lovers," and one of these was lost, strayed, or stolen, in England, late in the Summer of 1881. I append a note from Mr. Charles Coghlan, showing that he read my play in June, 1881; that he sent it to Mr. Edgar Bruce in August, 1881, and that neither he nor I have ever seen that MS. since.

It is needless to dwell on the difficulty of meeting an outrageous accusation like this when I am three thousand miles away, and when four weeks must elapse between the charge and the answer. I expect to be in London in June, but I hope to receive before then an apology from Mr. Stephens, and a formal withdrawal of his wanton accusation. Until I do receive these, I shall not rest satisfied.

Your obedient servant,

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

New York, March, 7, 1884.

There is a clearness and decision in the latter which is simply delightful, and we cannot help feeling that Mr. Stephens is somewhat in the position of the gentleman who, in walking away with a new umbrella in place of his old one, suddenly feels the cold fingers of the proprietor between his shirt collar and his neck.

"IN DAYS OF CANDLELIGHT."

"Jokes came in with candles."

—CHARLES LAMB.

As dims the day its garish glare
And silken curtains screen the night,
A mellow music lulls the air
In dreamy glow of candlelight.
The heart is young, and roguish wiles
Beset the madcap, frolic brain;
A song allures, a catch beguiles,
And humor holds its merry reign.

Bright tapers light the gilded scene
In shining sconces on the wall;
The trumpet peals a lusty paean,
The harp-string echoes in the hall;
On nimble toes the dancer glides;
Anent the jest, the goblets clink,
As lords and ladies shake their sides
At banter, and their bumpers drink.



SCIENTIFIC

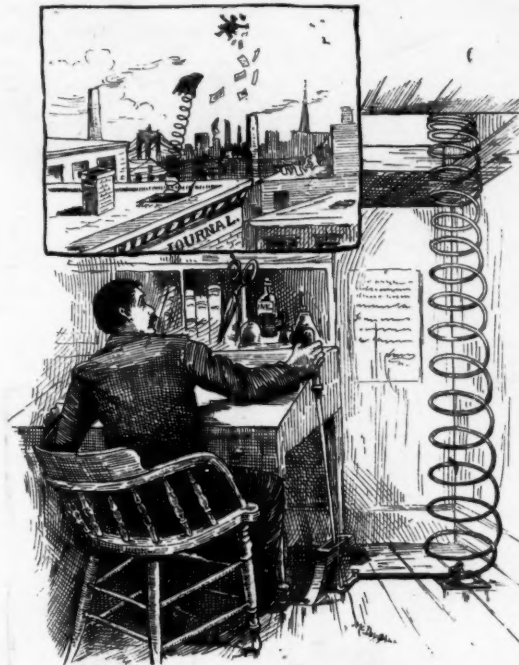
THE AUTOMATIC BOUNCER.

THIS ingenious apparatus is designed, not to fill a long-felt want, but to create it.

There is in every well-regulated household in this country a small green box with a blue stripe and a crank, which says "br-r-r-r-r!" when anybody fools with it. After an interval more or less exasperating, according to the weather, this phenomenon is succeeded by the sudden apparition of a small but vigorous boy freckled with confluent buttons, and possessed of a horny palm, a red ticket, and a ribald eye which is watchful for dimes. A mental calculation of the distance between the parcel and its destination is easily arrived at. A cursory examination of the boy's legs gives an approximate forecast of the time probably to be consumed, and a glance at the tariff book would convince the average sceptical pauper that the price of the errand was not beyond his reach. The boy's garments are tunneled in all directions with pockets. Into one of them goes the parcel. A hurried blessing is muttered. He vanishes.

Time passes. Anon it is noon. The night draws again her pall. A week glides by. A month is laid away forever. One year—two—three—a quarter of a century. Life's struggle is nearly over. The past alone lives. What of yon wrinkled sage with leathern cheek and hopeless eye? Why stares he so? Sees he the ashes of dried love, the ruins of ambition, the wreck of hope and the shard-strewn field of his wasted life? No. Backward, O backward, he goes to a parcel, and a boy. What of that parcel? Where, that boy? The fire of life has waned. The embers are chilling fast. One more moment and—Ah! the boy is back.—No, not the poor, despised boy; but what was once the boy, now grown to superb manhood—a mil-

lionaire and a power in the land—all because he had thoughtfully walked the distance and put the dime given him for car fare out at compound interest. He



comes in joyously to tell his old patron that the parcel—but see! it was too much—the eye has glazed—the jaw dropped—the man is dead.

[Note by the Editor-in-chief: The above picture is realistic, but perhaps a trifle overdrawn.]

But to return to the Bouncer. It consists simply of a chilled steel spring compressed by a portable hydraulic ram into a space 4 x 9 and skillfully concealed beneath the office chair, the seat of which is provided with artful and deceptive springs. The boy being loaded, is asked to sit upon the chair, where anything from a sandwich to a cigarette may be employed to amuse him. By aid of a small volume of Euclid, a transit and a book of logarythms, computation of the proper angle is swiftly and silently made, a stealthy adjustment of the Bouncer is effected ere the boy is aware, and then, with a touch upon the trigger and a wild yell, he goes. It is simple, cheap and beautiful. Special terms for nickel-plated springs and cushions trimmed with plush. Agents apply at this office.

On a self-evident truth expressed as a novelty: "Right, quite trite."

"Yes, my boy," said Mr. Malaprop, to his son, "animals that eat meat are carboniferous, while those like ourselves, that eat both flesh and vegetables, are amphibious."



ALL IN A NUTSHELL.

From over the fence: "S'POSE YOU 'SE GOT ALL DE NEWS DIS MORNIN', BRER PEWTER?"

Brer Pewter: "YAAS, PRETTY MUCH ALL. DEY IS HAVIN' GREAT TIMES DOWN IN AFRICA. YOU KNOW, DE ENGLISH FOLKS WANTS TO HAB A CHINESE NAMED GORDON MADE PRESIDENT OF A TOWN DAR CALLED SKINCAT AND DE DEMOCRATS BEING STRICTLY OPPOSED TO DE CHINESE, WANTS A FALSE PROPHET, CALLED EL TILDEN, SO THE FRENCH IS STEPPED IN AND DEY IS HABING SOM PRETTY SEVERE FIGHTIN' IN DAT LOCALITY."



HYSTERICAL PLAYS.

IF there is one thing that is more irritating than another, it is the hysterical play. The hysterical play is a work compounded of unlimited emotion—emotion by the hogshead—and a half-gill of logic. When a woman bursts into tears, though she ought to be placid and self-possessed, you know that she is ridiculous. You say to yourself, "This creature has no sense."

TWO IDLE EYES.

(RONDEAU.)

TWO idle eyes I watch her raise
To mine in sweet, coquettish ways;
The white lids on their velvet hinges
Lift slowly, and beneath the fringes
A pair of brilliant love-lights blaze.

A happy moth am I, that plays
About these flames with longing gaze;
I love the fire, my wings that singes,
To idolize.

Muse, teach me in befitting phrase
To speak, while this illusion stays,
The truth, and banish guilty tinges
That burn my cheeks.
My conscience twinges
While I confess this paltry praise—
Two idle lies!

F. D. S.

"WHY does the moon rise?" The reason is scientific: It comes up in the yEast.

BENEATH contempt—the man whose arguments I cannot answer.

THE report that the Czar of Russia eats large quantities of arsenic for his complexion is said to be discouraging to the Nihilists.

THE way of the transgressor is—Canada.

FOR rent—A needle and thread.

MOTTO for the poker-player—None so "blind" as those who won't "see."

Ad astra per aspera—"Jordan am a hard road to trabbel."

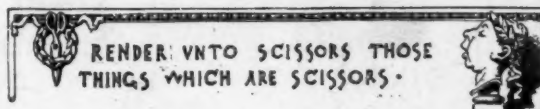
"THERE'S a divinity doth shape our end, rough-Hewitt as we may."—Member from New York.

Possibly you say to yourself, if you like emphatic Saxon, "This fool is an idiot." Now, a woman who has salt in her eye, when she might smile with propriety, is like the hysterical play in which characters do precisely what they would not do in actual life. I have observed—not without that peculiar sensation that learned philosophers describe as "sitting on pins and needles"—many hysterical plays, extravagant pieces in which various persons torture themselves uselessly, and turn practical matters into deep mysteries. The average hysterical heroine is one of the penalties of theatre-going. She was evolved from a colorless sentimentalism, and she is now the weeping and wriggling exponent of wretchedness. One is inclined to laugh at her, because she seems to be immensely happy in the midst of her agony. She has the art of blubbering at her finger-ends,

or, perhaps, I should say at the ends of her eyelashes. What is certain is that she is never at her ease, and is always in a state of snuffing and snivelling. She has, of course, no mind to speak of. At any rate, she makes up her mind on very rare occasions. If a coherent person should say to her: "Now, come to the point. What do you mean? What are you troubled about?" She would reply in a demi-shriek: "Ah, heaven! what a wretch I am. I cannot tell you what you want to know. My secret is buried in my heart. Do not ask me to speak. Forgive me, oh! forgive me. Boo-hoo!" And she would continue to "boo-hoo" through five long and melancholy acts. That is the hysterical heroine. She is the heroine who, according to our dramatists, represents the ordinary girl and woman. Perhaps she does. She represents, I know, mental and physical debility, and one turns from her with delight to the woman of sense, candor, and humor.

A conspicuous example of the hysterical heroine is shown in the brilliantly hysterical play called "Her Sacrifice," which is now visible at the New Park Theatre. The sacrifice, in this case, is made principally by those who visit the theatre. As to her sacrifice, that is an odd thing. The young and lachrymose woman in the play happens to know that her father murdered a certain countess and stole this countess's will. It is natural, at first, that she should not want to make her father's guilt known, but she marries an estimable man, whom she loves desperately and whom she drags through four acts of misery because she is unwilling to quiet his mind by revealing her secret to him. Nothing could be more exasperating and unreal than a piece like "Her Sacrifice," which is, by the way, a rehash of stale French melodrama.

G. E. M.



"ARE you sick?" asked the old physician of his eldest son, who appeared dispirited and ill at ease.

"Not exactly," said the young man; "only an eastern house has drawn on me unexpectedly for \$400."

"How often have I cautioned you," said the angry father, "not to expose yourself to a draft."—*Health Journal*.

AFTER chattering a long while to the exchange girl, they connected him with the doctor's.

"Doctor," said he, "I've got a bad case of chills. How soon can you come up and see me?" And he gave him his number.

"Be up in twenty minutes," came the reply over the wire.

"Yes, but what shall I do in the meantime?"

"Shake!" was the reply.

And he shook.—*Medical Review*.

DAVITT'S "LECTURE OF THE FUTURE."

SCENE: Interior of a hall. Platform fitted up with bastions. Lecturer's rostrum made of three-inch armor plating lined with a foot of teak. Audience, armed with rifles, etc., on the look-out for lecturer. Enter that individual, cautiously crawling on his hands and knees. Upon discovery, he is received with some cheers and a shower of bullets.

Lecturer (having reached his rostrum, raising his head): "Ladies" (shell; he ducks his head to avoid it) "and gentlemen" (puts up hand-screen to ward off the balls of a Gattling battery which has just got his range), "it is my desire to set before you this evening"— "No you do n't!" (is attacked by a party of political opponents armed with cutlasses. He repulses them with great slaughter) "to set before you this evening"—"Ah! would you?" (Is assailed by a strong body of enthusiasts carrying bowie-knives. He dispatches several with his revolver). "As I was saying when I was interrupted, it is my desire to set before you this evening" (charge of political opponents with battering-ram). "Come, I see that I can expect no courtesy this evening, so" (losing his temper) "I defy you!"

[Terrible battle, ending with annihilation of the audience and death of the lecturer. Curtain.]—*Punch*.

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"YOUR fare, young lady," said the stage driver, as a pretty miss stepped from his vehicle, and was about tripping away. "Oh, thank you!" responded the absent minded little beauty; "I think your moustache becomes you real well, too." She got her ride free.—*Burlington Free Press*.

A DUTIFUL HUSBAND.—At a recent trial in which a young actress in Buda-Pesth sought to recover damages from a local paper for libel and defamation of character, while the numerous witnesses were being examined a jurymen got up and addressed the bench as follows: "Would the Herr President be good enough to send word home to my wife that I am not coming home to dinner to day?"—*Barsen Zeitung*.

"It is stated," said a New York girl to a Philadelphia young lady as they gazed with awe and admiration at the towering form of Jumbo, "that three times around an elephant's foot is exactly the measure of his height." "So I understand." "Do you think a similar measurement around my foot would equal my height?" asked the New York girl. "I certainly do; but the calculation would show that you are taller than Jumbo."—*New York Morning Journal*.

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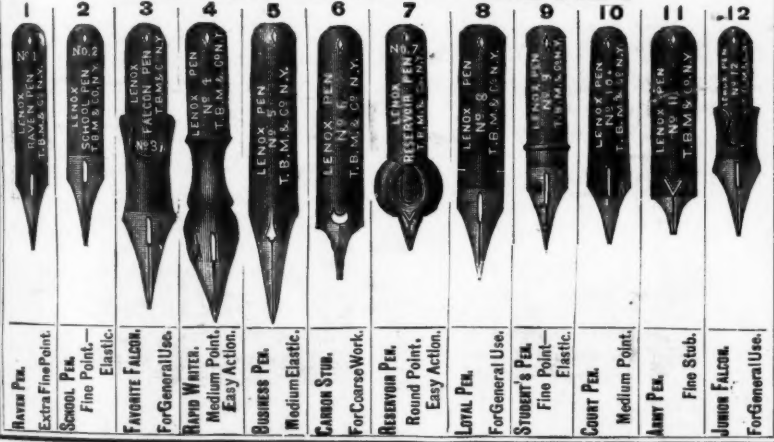
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